

Our Dumb

SEPTEMBER 1943

ANIMALS

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Photo by Georgia Engelhard

The MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS

and the

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW
Assistant Editor — WILLIAM M. MORRILL



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LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOGS

Our cover, this month, is a reproduction of one of the prize winning photographs in our recent contest. It illustrates well the comradeship and trust existing between the child and her faithful companions.

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From the PRESIDENT'S DESK



HOWEVER intense our feeling with regard to responsibility for this ghastly war, it is far nobler, and far more the part of the patriot, to remember constantly the high purposes for which we entered the war, to refuse to join in wild words of bitterness and hate and to keep our minds clean from those base passions this war, above all others, has tended to awaken.

WHAT a perversion of the forces discovered and utilized by science is seen in the fact that today they are being made, as the manifestation of their supreme service, the instruments of destruction and death! If science has been a blessing to humanity in the hand of Life, it has also been the deadliest and most ghastly weapon Death has found.

JUST in proportion as we carry the spirit of love into the struggle, we carry the Cross; in so far we may say *In Hoc Signo Vincas*. Lift your eyes and behold! Link the sacrifice that awaits you with His. Let the will to power be conquered by the will to love. So shall we attain the ultimate victory." These words of the Archbishop of York to American Christians probably stand for a level of life too high for the most of us. Alas that in war hate and revenge become to some, almost Christian virtues!

HAVE you bought a War Bond? If you have not done so, how can you accept, without a feeling of heartless intolerance, the blessings for which thousands of our noblest youths are giving their last full measure of devotion?

NO error has yet silenced the voice of one singing bird. No blackout has yet dimmed the light of one single star. No bombing has yet disturbed the sleep of the peaceful dead. War has its limits!

—John Haynes Holmes

A Word and Its Origin

HUGH WALPOLE once wrote, "The world is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel." Can the word "tragedy," which is written over such great classic dramas as those that bear the names of Aeschylus or Shakespeare, be used to characterize any event or experience with which work like our Society and its Hospital is faced?

Strange to say, the very word "tragedy" comes from a Greek word which is the name of an animal. And what was the word? "Tragos." And what was a tragos? A goat. A tragodos was a tragic actor or singer, literally a goat singer. The original reason for the name "goat singer" is uncertain. The most probable reason is that certain actors were called tragic actors because they actually wore goat skins—that is, the singer, or actor, dressed in a goat skin. These goat singers sometimes appeared in comedy as well as tragedy.

Much more could be said about all this, but this is enough. Of course, tragedy has now come to signify to us whatever may "represent a somber or pathetic character involved in a situation of extremity or desperation by the force of an unhappy passion."

There are certainly tragedies in the world of animal life. A bear, robbed of her whelps—that surely is tragedy for her. Edgar Quinet said that on one occasion, when visiting the lion's cage in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, he observed the lion gently place his large paw on the forehead of the lioness, and so they remained all the time he watched them, grim and still, their eyes gazing far off into the distance. He asked Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, who was with him, what it meant. "Their lion cub," he answered, "died this morning."

To those who have never known what it was, as Kipling says, "to give their heart to a dog to tear"; to those who have never felt that deep, abiding friendship which so often exists between man and beast, it will probably seem almost foolish to speak of certain happenings

here, especially in our Hospital of what might justly be called tragic.

To part, for example, with a dog that you know would have followed you to the end of the trail, no matter through what paths of poverty or shame or pain life might lead you—only those will smile who never knew what that parting can mean. When strong men weep and women faint because such a long-loved and trusted companion and friend has to go the way of all the earth, surely there is something that we may well call tragic.

"There Will Be a Tomorrow"

A SHORT time ago an editorial under the above title appeared in a railroad magazine. It pointed out that when tomorrow comes, people will remember the treatment and the service they received during the war years, and the same sort of reasoning, of course, is also applicable to the entire humane movement.

It is so easy to excuse careless work and discourteous service with "This is war; what do you expect?"—or to create a public furore by demanding choice meats for dogs or similar, unreasonable requests—but in the final accounting, when tomorrow comes, it will be the group that carried on sensibly and steadily during the emergency, always doing the best possible under the circumstances, that will receive the public support.

Dimout Hazards

BECAUSE of dimout regulations, whether in the city or in suburban areas, animals at large are a twofold danger. Dogs, especially, which are allowed to roam are in great peril on the highways at night. They may be hit by cars, injured or killed, and may often contribute to accidents in which human life is endangered.

We appeal to pet owners to see that their animals are kept under control at all times.

Adjustment to War

IN the midst of a recently received long letter from a London friend who tells of experiences as an air raid warden; of cleaning house windows only to have them bombed out the next day and much else of world importance, a paragraph was included about her house pet, which certainly depicts a kitten of character. Since I long ago got my friend's permission to quote anything I liked from her letters, I am writing her description just as I received it.

"My little cat has just crept onto my lap. She is always nervous when a siren goes, as she came to me from a house that was hit. I went out to see if she was all right the other night and found her on the stairs, which she seems to know is the safest place, not curled up in a ball as cats usually are, but squeezed out at full length, tight against the stair to get all the protection she could from the bit of overhang—just a thin strip of a cat, with her ears tucked back and burning, and her nose very hot, too. I would have taken her back to bed with me, but she was safer where she was and didn't seem to want to come. Anyway, the all clear has now gone; that was short and sweet, so she has gone into the garden again, where I expect she is digging up my newly sown seeds."

Truly the "whole creation groans"—thousands, perhaps millions of innocent pets and wild creatures—because of this hideous war among men. Is it fair to call the war beastly? Would our kittens or even our Bengal tigers be guilty of it?

—H. E. Foster



His Master's Voice by Proxy

THE world just wasn't the same to "Putch," mongrel pet in the Frank Konka household, when Chester, his youthful master, left Detroit, Mich., for Camp Robertson, Arkansas, last January.

It was bad . . . so bad, in fact, that Chester's parents were fearful that Putch would die from sheer melancholy and hunger. Not only did he refuse to eat anything to speak of, but he remained in Chester's room mourning and downcast.

Putch had melted down to mere skin and bones before Chester, besieged with frantic letters from his parents, helped prevent an almost certain tragedy.

Unable to obtain leave, due to the pressure of war training, Chester Konka proved equal to the occasion. In lieu of the furlough, he did the next best thing and had a phonograph record

made of all the familiar commands so dear to his pet's heart. This he mailed post haste to his parents.

Hardly had Chester's parents put the needle of the phonograph to the record and Chester's voice registered, when Putch bounded joyously into the room like magic. He whined and yelped with pleasure. Most of the day long Putch would do nothing but listen to that record—peaceful and contented with the world.

Did it work? Well, when meal time rolls around and no Putch is present, all Chester's parents need do is turn on the record and the pet is downstairs promptly and obediently.

Putch is now the pup of old, is happy and carefree as a pup should be and his coat has a fine sheen. Proving again that "necessity" is not only the "mother of invention" but, in this case, salvation as well.

—Ray Freedman



Movie Stars Fear Animal Kidnapers

JUDGING by threats received by Hollywood motion picture stars they will have to put iron bars across the doors of their kennels and racing stables, as well as across the windows of their nurseries. A new racket has been born in the screen colony. It is the kidnap-

ing of animal pets and several abductions have already occurred. Ransom in varying amounts is demanded with destruction of the victims threatened unless terms of the extortion notes are complied with.

Dogs and cats, thus far, have been the chief targets of the criminals, possibly because, being smaller, they are easily handled by the snatchers. Procedure of the kidnapers in these cases is similar to that employed when the victims are human beings. The crooks have a fertile field, for nearly every actor and actress has treasured pets and ample funds with which to redeem them if stolen.

Kidnapers hang around the stars' homes and thus capture of the pets is a relatively simple matter. Authorities are fighting the racket with all the strength at their command and expect to break it up eventually.

Everyone who has the welfare of animals at heart will be interested in this extortion program. Dumb creatures are in far greater peril than children or adults because the kidnapers would not hesitate to kill the captives if the trail gets too hot. It is less dangerous than to be caught, and, unfortunately, the murder of animals does not carry as severe a penalty as the murder of human beings. Every animal lover wishes the authorities the best of luck in their battle against these human fiends.

—Henry H. Graham



British Official Photograph

THE DOG-WATCH, MILITARY VERSION

An English soldier's pet who follows his master even on guard duty.

Tree-Roosting Fish

IMAGINE, if you can, a fish climbing the exposed roots of a tree to bask in the sunshine. It sounds like a story from the "Book of Impossibilities." The sight, however, is to be seen at Cairns, in Queensland, Australia—land of many strange creatures.

The fish, popularly known as the mud-skipper, is called by scientists the *perioththalmus*. It lives near the low-tide mark on the muddy flats or among rocks.

The mud-skipper gets its name from the fact that it is able to skip over a yard or so of ooze by a powerful stroke of its tail. It makes shorter skips with the aid of its pectoral fins, which have been so modified as to serve as feet. These modified fins make it possible for the mud-skippers to climb the roots of the mangrove trees.

In addition to gills, these fish have a secondary organ of respiration located in their tails, so that it might be said that they breathe through their tails. Also, the eyes resemble small periscopes and seem to be nature's added protection in the risk the fish undergoes when it comes out of the water to skip along the mud.—*L. E. Eubanks*



Little Black Panther

By JEANNETTE

*Two brilliant eyes a-gleaming,
A whine, a snarl, a hiss;
A sleek, black shadow streaming
Into some inky bliss.*

*A coal-black coat of velvet,
Four gleaming paws of snow,
A plume-like tail, all-bushy,
Sharp, pointed teeth to show.*

*Ah! this must be a panther
Who's stalking for his prey!
Why, no! It's just a kitten
A-passing time away.*

*Then, hammer on a food can,
A-running he will come;
And nosing out his food pan,
He'll eat each tiny crumb.*

*Oh, kitty-witty-woo-ool
Sing up and down the scale;
Then he will come a-dancing
And waving his huge tail.*



Register your disapproval of the cruelty behind trained animal performances by refusing to be a patron and an eye-witness of them.



Photo, Lynwood M. Chace

Expert Weaver

By
**WILBERT
NATHAN
SAVAGE**

ONE of the most amusing sights I have ever witnessed in the realm of wildlife study was a common American gray squirrel building its nest in the forked branches of a huge oak tree.

When first observed, the squirrel had practically no foundation for his home, but gradually his work took shape, and at the end of two days a complete twig-and-leaf shelter was formed.

When the project was in its first stage, I felt sorry for Mr. Squirrel, for I didn't see how he could possibly hope to place his house in such a spot as the one he had chosen. But soon I learned that the squirrel knew exactly what he was doing—while I was forced to admit that I didn't.

The new home was started with a mouthful of leaves and fine twigs, properly placed so that they were anchored to projecting small branches. The pile of material grew rapidly until there was a sizable heap of carefully chosen building fabric provided by Mother Nature. Each leaf and twig were selected separately. If they proved to be unsatisfactory, they were discarded and replaced by new ones. At regular intervals the industrious squirrel would get in the center of his building and squirm and twist about in such a manner that the

leaf-and-twig material was pushed outward, and the wise little architect used his versatile mouth to help secure the leaves and twigs into a compact interwoven mass.

Layer after layer of building material was worked into the nest and always the squirrel was squeezing it outward, pressing and binding the simple articles of construction into a perfectly designed animal dwelling.

When the building project was finally finished, I climbed the tree while Mr. Squirrel was away and examined the finished product. What a perfect example of animal skill! There was a small opening beneath that served both as an entrance and exit. The inside was soft and smooth, and the tiny twigs and leaves were so securely joined together that winter's most furious blasts have not destroyed it, though it is used by the shy squirrel only when the weather is mild. During bad weather, the frisky fellow moves to his winter quarters inside a near-by hollow tree.

Yes, I have learned how the squirrel makes his nest, but I know that before I am fully acquainted with this intelligent little forest friend, I shall have to devote more time to the study of his many peculiar habits.



Acme Photo

STUDYING THE GLOBAL SITUATION

Whiskers, wire-haired terrier, owned by War Mobilization Director, James F. Byrnes, studies the world situation, before going to the White House to talk things over with Fala, President Roosevelt's dog.



Achieving the Good Neighbor Policy

LIEUT. James L. Miller, Army Air Force pilot engaged in ferrying planes between the United States and South America, brought to his three young brothers and sister more than thrilling tales of the air transport command when he returned to his home in Hagerstown, Maryland, for a furlough recently. Perched on his shoulder and peering at the civilized world through quizzical black eyes was "George," a South American squirrel monkey.

It was a case of mutual love at first sight, when Jimmy met George in a Brazilian marketplace. Purchased from his native owner for a small sum, George

proved to be a gentle, affectionate pet. Including his trip home with his flying owner, the diminutive simian has traveled a total of 9,000 miles by air.

When Lieut. Miller returned to duty, leaving George to the ministrations of his small brothers and sister, the devoted pet was decidedly downcast, yearning, perhaps, for his old place on Jimmy's bed, or for the fascinating bar and wings on the flyer's shirt. The Millers report, however, that George retains his spirits, mischief and appetite, and has settled down as a member of the family, awaiting the return of flying Jimmy.

—Doris Newman

Squirrel Gratitude

ONE AUTUMN, during a period when gray squirrels were migrating, either in search of food or to escape from their enemies, the red squirrels, a man on the Connecticut river in a boat driven by an outboard motor, saw a gray squirrel swimming across the river. Guiding the boat near the swimmer, he extended an oar inviting the little animal to come aboard. Without hesitation the invitation was accepted, and after climbing up the oar, the squirrel ran along the gunwale and seated itself on the bow. Then the man started the motor, intending to carry his passenger to the shore for which it had been headed, but the unfamiliar noise so frightened the squirrel it fell into the water.

Now when a squirrel swims, the tail is elevated high and dry above the water. The plunge from the boat immersed this squirrel, and in its drenched condition it was having a difficult time to keep afloat when the boatman again came to its aid with an oar, and helped it aboard once more.

Profiting by past experience, the man refrained from starting the motor again. Instead, he manned the oars and navigated the boat with its precious passenger to shore. Then he bridged the gap between boat and shore with an oar, and the squirrel, comprehending the purpose, started to leave. As it passed the man, it paused to touch its nose to his hand before scampering down the oar and out of sight on the river bank.

Was it mere curiosity that prompted this act? Why not think of it as an endeavor to express appreciation to its rescuer?
—Viola F. Richards



Lieutenant Miller and "George."

Longtail, the Opossum

SURPRISING as it may seem, this curious little animal is a cousin of the Australian kangaroo. Not that they resemble each other in the least, nor does the opossum jump like a kangaroo. Nevertheless, this creature belongs to the group of marsupials, or pouched animals. He has a body somewhat like that of the raccoon or tree bear and is about 20 inches long. All four of his legs are the same length, with five-clawed toes for climbing. He takes to a tree quickly because he doesn't walk very well and, like the bear, builds his nest in the hollow of a tree. His gray or white fur is tipped with brown all over and his long, rat-like tail is used as a balance in climbing and swinging.

The opossum has a sharp, pointed face, ears like a bat, the five-clawed feet of a little bear, and the pouch of a kangaroo.

Mr. and Mrs. Opossum never leave their babies at home. When they are small, Mamma 'Possum carries them in the pouch on her abdomen. Often there are a dozen or more, and they are a half-inch long when born. When old enough, they ride on their mother's



back. Arranged in a row, they cling fast with their claws to the fur, their little tails wrapped around the parent's tail and held high over their backs. They are extremely cunning, but by nature rather sluggish and stupid. They hunt mostly by night out in fields, woods, and swamps, but they pay well for any food they consume by eating the destructive cotton rat. Their favorite food is, of course, the sweet, frost-wrinkled persimmon.

The "play 'possum" trick originated

with this little fellow. When approached by an enemy he closes his eyes, pretending to be dead. Oftentimes, he fools his pursuers by rolling into a limp ball and lying still, all the while keeping a watchful eye. No sooner has the intruder vanished than the 'possum unrolls and slips away.

There are over twenty species, ranging in size from that of a mouse to that of a cat. Except for the far north, they are found in most parts of the United States and South America.—F. J. Worrall



The Persecuted Owl Tribe

By CLYDE EDWIN TUCK

THERE EXISTS, for no very good reason, widespread prejudice against the owl tribe, including the fluffy little brown screech owl that seems to delight in being a near neighbor to man and dining almost exclusively on the mice and insects that do so much harm in his immediate vicinity. True, the great horned or common hoot owl now and then lifts a squawking hen off its perch during his nocturnal prowlings, but it is small payment for his good service to the ruralist, for his wholesale destruction of rodents. And that ugly, sad-faced barn owl is worth his weight in gold.

Biologists have identified forty-four different kinds of owls in our forty-eight states, some scarcely larger than a sparrow, while others rank with our largest birds of prey. They all do untold good and are among the very best friends the farmer has, but, strangely enough, are neither understood nor appreciated—in

fact, are almost universally classed with his enemies and instantly shot if apprehended about his premises.

The barn owl should be fully protected by law everywhere, for his number is not imposing in any locality—in fact, seems to be on the decrease generally. Man, who should be his trusted friend and protector, is ruthlessly destroying him — and, incidentally, paying quite dearly for the privilege. Young owlets have voracious appetites, and the half-dozen members of the usual brood consume daily an incredibly large number of mice, beetles and many other obnoxious vermin. Some years ago, an observing naturalist estimated that one pair of barn owls on his neighbor's place destroyed in one year approximately six thousand mice. It would be interesting to know how large a pile of grain such a horde of marauders would eat and its value in dollars and cents to the owner.





Monument to "Barry," the St. Bernard, who saved 40 lives and lost his own in the rescue of the 41st.

The Lovable St. Bernard

By BONNIE DEANE VAUGHN

BE KIND to human beings," seems to have been the slogan of the St. Bernards for several hundred years.

We first hear of these unusual dogs at the famous Hospice of St. Bernard high up in the Swiss Alps. It is thought that the dogs were brought there as watch dogs. Later, the monks who lived at the monastery began taking them along with them when they went out to rescue travelers that had lost their way in the deep snow. Soon it was discovered that the dogs not only knew the snow-covered trail, but their uncanny sense of smell made them extremely valuable in finding helpless persons who had lost their way. They could scent a human being at a distance of 350 yards and could locate him even though he might be buried under several feet of snow.

Many people think that the young St. Bernards must have been carefully trained by their owners for their rescue work but that is not true. The only training they ever received was by their parents when they accompanied them. From them they learned their duties and their perfect manners.

It is interesting to know how the dogs worked years ago when there was more rescuing to be done than now. Running in packs of three or four they would patrol the trail during a snowstorm or just afterward in search of lost travelers. When they found one, two of the dogs

would lie down on the snow beside him to warm him with their bodies and one would lick the person's face to restore consciousness.

In the meantime one of the others of the pack would be hurrying back to the Hospice to give the alarm to the monks and lead them back. As soon as the rescue party arrived, the dogs would go away a short distance, seeming to know that their work was over.

One of the most famous dogs in the world was "Barry," a St. Bernard that lived at the Hospice between 1800 and 1910. He is credited with having saved the lives of forty people! After his death Barry's body was mounted and placed in the Natural History Museum in Berne, Switzerland.

An ordinary St. Bernard is a good-natured and patient companion for children, always faithful to his trust of protecting them. Being unusually large and strong they have often been hitched up and have served as "horses" for children, pulling them about on sleds or in little wagons.

Years ago when Americans were on the move going west, a fine large St. Bernard named "Prince" became a pioneer dog. He followed his family's covered wagon all the way from Iowa to Western Kansas—a distance of *seven hundred miles*. He lived to be fifteen years old.



Companion Cat

By DOLLY ANN MORGAN

*Perky cat that rubs against me;
Follows where my errands go;
Finds my lap when I am resting,
Sweet devotion to bestow.*

*When from home my duties call me,
Goes with me to cross-road bus;
G greets me there on my returning
With a prance gratuitous.*

*Calms me with her rhythmic purr-song
When things vex along life's way;
Senses when I'm worn and wounded;
Presses close to be my stay.*

*Black with feet of snowy whiteness;
Breast rare mingling of these two;
Eyes aglow with feline gladness,
For good home that is her due.*

*So indebted for such friendship,
What of care could I withhold?
Food of farm, I freely lavish,
What she wants could not be doled.*



Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies of the magazine so mutilated will be replaced by us upon application, if so desired.

Mallards Are Beautiful

THE wild mallard drake is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful of all birds. His green head with its soft plumage and the sparkling coloring of other parts of his body never fail to attract lovers of wild life. The hen mallard has almost no color, her feathers being several shades of gray.

The mallard is one of the shyest and most difficult to approach of all wild ducks. The accompanying picture was taken with great difficulty, the photographer crawling through the reeds of a marsh on his stomach in order to get near enough.

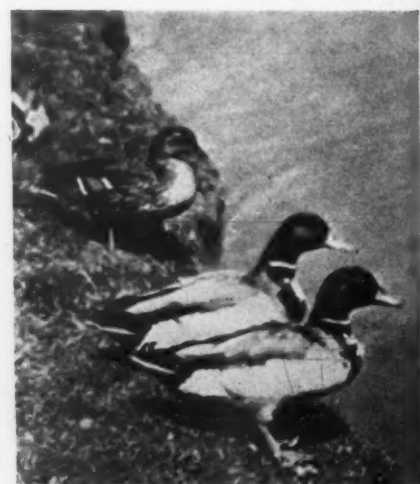
During the past year or two, the wild duck population has increased greatly. For a time, it was feared the birds might become extinct because of the drought that dried up middle western rivers. Now, however, the webfeet have come back in a big way.

Wild ducks nest in the temperate zone, raising the young there. When autumn comes they start flying toward the sunny southland as do other birds, traveling in huge V-shaped flocks with a leader at the helm. En route they pause to rest and feed, sometimes stopping over for several days.

After a winter in a warm climate they head back north to nest again. The end of the migration trip finds them thin and in poor condition. Long flights tax birds' strength cruelly. But rest and plenty of food soon put them back in the pink of condition.

Ducks have a language all their own, although naturalists tell us it consists of only a few "words." A loud, raucous quack means danger. Soft quacks mean "come here; there's food." Ducks love to feed on watercress and the succulent stalks of sweet water grasses. They catch and devour large numbers of harmful insects, thus being a friend of all mankind.

—Henry H. Graham



Episodes of War

The following stories of animals in wartime England, illustrate the high regard in which pets are held, both by civilians and men and women in service.

IN conjunction with local authorities, the Royal S. P. C. A. has been instrumental in providing 500 animal rest centers, both in London and the provinces. These shelters, complete with eating bowls, baskets, etc., adjoin the original centers opened for humans, and owners will not have to be parted from their pets for any length of time. If, as so often happens, the dog or cat is the sole survivor of a family, it is first taken to the rest center before being transported to adoption kennels.



It is interesting to note the great variety of pets adopted by men in the service. For instance, in the Battle of Britain, Minnie, the monkey, flew with her owner, Warrant-Officer J. Booth, fighter-pilot. Dressed in R. A. F. uniform, promoted each time her master received promotion, she went later to Egypt and soon acquired over 250 operational hours' flying to her credit.

A word or two added to a code message from the East about another monkey delighted a number of Dutch navy men in England. It gave the news that Kees made the return journey to a warmer climate in safety. Kees is a remarkably nimble specimen of Javanese monkey and was at one time mascot of the Royal Netherlands Navy cruiser Sumatra. Kees was adopted as lucky mascot of the cruiser and the sailors firmly believed in her ability to bring them good luck. Kees' cheerful demeanor and good luck value through all hazards earned him promotion. From Able Seamonkey, he became Leading Seamonkey.



Oscar, a white rabbit was traded for a handful of tea in Sfax by a tank crew and lived with them, seeing a great deal



British Official Photograph

CAN'T I COME, TOO?

This puppy, guarding his master's kit on the hot sands of Libya, is the pet of a test pilot doing yeoman service in North Africa.

of the fighting in Tunisia from the vantage point of a tank turret. When the tank goes into action, Oscar takes up his station in the turret and is happy with a handful of daisies. But the crew is now in a quandary—Oscar has turned out to be a doe and a tank is no place to bring up a family. Roomier quarters are inevitable.



Animal welfare societies in England are taking practical interest in the many pets kept by the forces, often mongrel dogs that have wandered into camps and been adopted. One of the societies states that it has supplied a number of dogs, mostly small ones, to act as companions and guards with men of the balloon barrages.



The battleship H. M. S. Howe has a mascot, pugnacious Phoenix Judy, pedigree bulldog with a Kennel Club record. Some months ago, her former owner wrote to the Secretary of the Admiralty, pointing out that it was becoming more

and more difficult to feed Phoenix Judy. He offered her as a mascot for a warship. The offer was sent to H. M. S. Howe and immediately accepted. Now Phoenix Judy is a member of the ship's company, entered on the books, with a service certificate started for her. Her custodian is the ship's butcher.



Ciapek is the only Airedale who has ever been on raids to Germany. He is the most popular member of a Polish bomber squadron. From the bomb-aimer's post he has watched bombs showering down on Berlin, Hamburg, Cologne, Stettin and Bremen. He was first officially enlisted as an A. C. 2. On his collar he wore his number and traditional Polish Air Force laurel wreath. Later he was promoted Leading Aircraftman and wore the badge of his rank. But the time came when he had to be "grounded" so he has now taken upon himself to see the pilots off, as the machines taxi across the tarmac. And he is always first to greet them when they return.

Galaxy

OF
ANIMALS

"THE NIGHT WATCH"

First Prize, Georgia Engelhard, New York, N. Y.



A VERITABLE GALAXY of animals, five hundred prints entered from every part of the nation and from members of the animal kingdom — ranging from life to the lowly lizard.

The judges, including Mr. Leonard, were assiduous in their efforts to choose the best spirit of the contest. Taking into consideration story-telling values and the portrayal of animals, they carefully considered each entry before making a final choice.

Through these contests, we feel that representative citizens who will become interested in turn, will pass on this interest to friends and acquaintances, affording an opportunity of thanking all those who enter our next contest.

WINNING ENTRIES

First Prize—\$25—Georgia Engelhard, New York, N. Y.

Second Prize—\$15—Arthur L. Center, U. S. N. R., San Diego, Calif.

Three Dollars Each

4. Mrs. Eugene Landess, Fayetteville, Tenn.
5. Jack Dolph, Grand Rapids, Mich.
6. H. J. Phillips, Atlanta, Ga.
7. Braxton L. Hancock, Vienna, Va.
8. Georgia Engelhard, New York
9. Edith Bjorkman, Brooklyn, N. Y.
10. Bert Popowski, Omaha, Neb.
11. H. H. Sheldon, Bend, Ore.

12. L. F. Addington, Wise, Va.

13. Mrs. Eugene Landess, Fayetteville, Tenn.

Two Dollars Each

14. Keith W. Jones, Villa Park, Ill.

15. C. Y. Egone, Brookline, Mass.

16. Nick Bruehl, Sherwood, Wis.

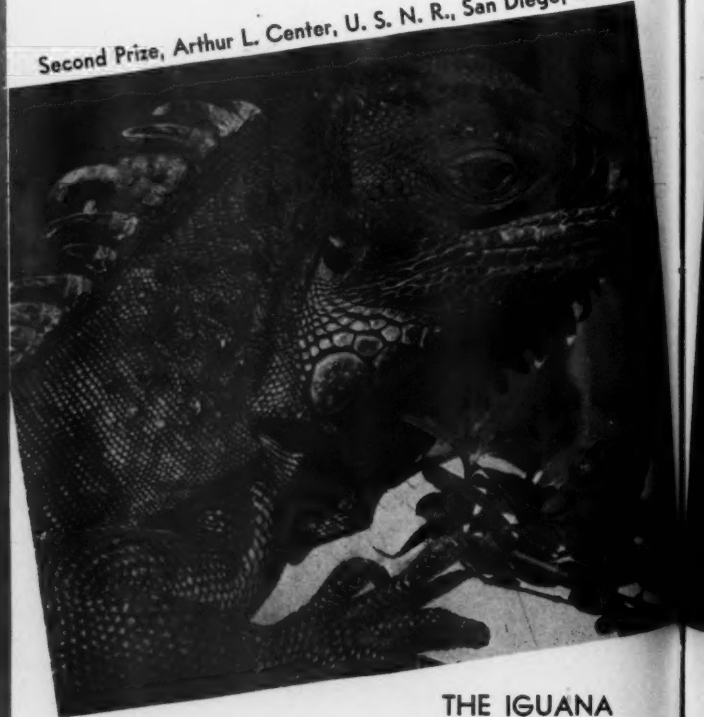
17. John B. Picciuolo, Cambridge, Mass.

18. LaVern Frost, Crystal, Mich.

19. M. D. Constant, Santa Fe, N. M.

20. R. E. Simon, Morton, Minn.

Second Prize, Arthur L. Center, U. S. N. R., San Diego, Calif.



THE IGUANA

JUDGING THE CONTEST

Mr. Leonard Craske, nationally known sculptor and creator of the famous "Gloucester Fisherman," judges a few of the possible prize winners.

ANY of the animals was portrayed in the more than entered our recent photographic contest. From from came these pictures of various mem-— ranging from birds, domestic animals and wild

Leonard Craske, nationally known sculptor, were choose the photographs which best portrayed the ing into consideration the photographic qualities, the portrayal of kindness, the judges studied each entry and made their final choice.

We feel that we are reaching a new group of repre- come interested in kindness to animals and who, in to friendly acquaintances. We wish to take this those who sent pictures and extend an invitation



WINNING CONTESTANTS

25—Georgia Engelhard, New York, N. Y.

San Diego, Calif.

Third Prize—\$5—H. H. Sheldon, Bend, Ore.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|---|---|
| Wise, Va. | 21. Jack Dolph, Grand Rapids, Mich. | 26. Milton E. Hlava, Chicago, Ill. |
| Landess, Fayetteville, Ark. | 22. Aux. Gladys Relyea, Bridgeport, Conn. | 27. Franklin Hemerlein, Los Angeles, Calif. |
| Each | 23. Edith Bjorkman, Brooklyn, N. Y. | 28. Rev. A. E. Crowther, Melville, Sask. |
| Villa Park, Ill. | | 29. Georgia Engelhard, New York |
| Hokline, Mass. | | 30. Jane Conard, Kansas City, Mo. |
| Wood, Wis. | | 31. Michele, North Hollywood, Calif. |
| Cambridge, Mass. | | 32. W. R. Wilson, Sudbury, Ont. |
| Crystal, Mich. | | 33. J. H. Johnson, Roundup, Mont. |
| Santa Fe, N. M. | | |
| erton, Minn. | | |
| Calif. | | |

Subscription to Our Dumb Animals

Sixth Prize, H. J. Phillips, Atlanta, Ga.

PINTO PONY

Third Prize, H. H. Sheldon, Bend, Ore.



"THE RELUCTANT SWAIN"

EDITORIALS

Highest Praise

WE are most appreciative of the article about our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, which appeared in the August issue of the *Journal of the American Veterinary Medical Association*. It said in part:

For the work of its technical staff—its veterinarians—the veterinary profession is thankful. Its gift to the science of animal medicine is incalculable, for there, the blessings of thoughtful, meticulous, scientific practices are given the "acid test," and willingly reported in the literature, without fanfare or hope of personal reward.

To our President, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, goes the credit for persuading our Directors to establish the Hospital in memory of his predecessor, George T. Angell, founder of our two Societies.

Referring to the article, Dr. E. F. Schroeder, Chief of Staff, expressed the thoughts of his entire staff when he said:

"We cannot help but be pleased by this recognition, but we ask ourselves whether or not it is entirely merited. We do our very best and will continue to work for the welfare of animals. Anything which we have been able to accomplish in the advancement of veterinary medicine is due in a large degree to the foresight of Dr. Rowley and the wholehearted co-operation of the Trustees."

Meat Conservation

A PART from the aesthetic value of humaneness, we long ago came to the conclusion that kind treatment had a materialistic value—a value based on dollars and cents. In these times it has assumed an even more important role. With the present meat shortage becoming a national problem, it has been estimated that millions of pounds are lost annually through improper handling. Kindness will correct this situation.

A statement issued by Dr. K. W. Stauder, veterinarian of Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa, indicated that reasonable care in the handling of animals will save these millions of pounds of much-needed meat. Figures for 1941 show

that a total of 140,000,000 pounds were lost in federally inspected packing plants, because of poor handling that could have been prevented.

"Livestock in transit," said Dr. Stouder, "frequently is damaged because of improper loading facilities, lack of strong partitions in mixed shipments, poor footing, bulls loose in trucks and careless driving. Overcrowding in trucks or cars, inadequate bedding, lifting sheep by the wool and poor unloading facilities at the stockyards all take their toll."

For years our Society has interested itself in this particular problem. Now, we call on every humane organization in the country and every citizen to get behind a movement to prevent loss of life-giving meat through mishandling of animals.

This Is About a King

WHEN a widely-known public character is charged, it may be justly, with weakness, inefficiency or betrayal of his trust, if some good word can be said of him, why not say it? Let us admit all the derogatory things the newspapers, diplomats, politicians, broadcasters are saying about King Victor Emmanuel—here at least is something to his credit.

Years ago, we came to count among our friends one of the nation's most conscientious and loyal United States Commissioners of Immigration, Mr. Robert Watchorn. He held office at a time when Italians were coming into this country by many thousands annually.

During his term of office he took a short vacation and went to Italy. While there, he was summoned to an audience both by the King and the Pope, each of them anxious to learn what he could with regard to the reception in this country of their fellow countrymen.

After Mr. Watchorn's interview with the Pope, he answered the summons of the King and appeared before him. During the course of the conversation (and we are giving this word for word, as it was told to us by Mr. Watchorn) Mr. Watchorn told him of his interest in the Italian immigrants and how he had tried to treat them as he would like to have been treated were he a stranger in a strange land with practically no knowledge of its language, its customs or its social conditions.

Near the close of the interview, the

King arose and, taking the hand of Mr. Watchorn, said, "You may not believe me, but I would rather be in your place and able to put my hand on the shoulder of some lonely, homesick immigrant, cheer him a bit, help him on his way, than be the King of any country on the face of the earth."

For those words, at least, spoken so evidently from his heart, we have from that day honored this Italian King.

One year from that day a messenger from the Italian Embassy in Washington came to the office of Mr. Watchorn, at eleven o'clock in the morning, and handed to him a photograph of the King, inscribed as follows: "My dear Mr. Watchorn: In memory of the day and hour, one year ago, of our pleasant interview," followed by the signature of the King.

Dr. John R. Mohler

LAST MONTH in Washington a public servant retired—a public servant who was proud of his recognition and who earned it in a field where conscientious devotion to duty is not always found.

John R. Mohler, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, had, through forty-six years of service to the government, become the ideal for federal employees, and his contributions to animal welfare in the United States are literally enormous.

It was through his efforts that bovine tuberculosis was practically wiped out in this country. Today there is less than five-tenths per cent in any state. He also rid the South of cattle tick fever.

His greatest contribution, however, was probably his unrelenting fight on foot and mouth disease—today it is nonexistent in the United States.

Few will realize what all this has meant to the livestock in this country, but to humanitarians and professional workers in the animal field, Dr. Mohler's record is an outstanding one. Often a speaker at humane meetings and always deeply interested in animal welfare, his retirement is much regretted, but if the millions of animals he helped to better health and easier life could speak, the chorus of voices should warm his heart as he now retires to private life.

Casualty List

News Item: The bombs all fell in the open country and did no damage.

*For would anyone seek
To appraise the yield
Death has reaped
In the open field:*

*Only a stricken
Meadow-mouse
Lately snug
In her tidy house*

*And an empty leaf
On a smouldering stalk
Where the ladybug's children
Used to walk.*

*The list is cast
In trivial wrongs:
The shattered nests,
The broken songs*

*And a hare transixed
In her wild return
To the palpitant burrow
Under the fern.*

CLEO SIBLEY

WILDERNESS
ADVENTURES

By William Lyman Underwood

Ginn & Company, Boston, Mass.
\$1.16

Dramatic experiences encountered while hunting with a camera. Supplementary reader for children of ten and above. True stories redolent with the freshness of open woods. Abundantly illustrated, these authentic tales have appeal for young and old.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JULY

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	994
Cases entered in Dispensary ...	1,744
Operations	277

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	224
Cases entered in Dispensary ...	736
Operations	87

At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered	56
---------------------	----

Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	222,075
Dispensary cases	559,098

Total 781,173

JULY REPORT OF THE OFFICERS
OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.,
WITH HEADQUARTERS AT BOSTON,
METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD,
ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS,
WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTHAMP-
TON, HAVERHILL, HOLYOKE, ATHOL,
COVERING THE ENTIRE STATE.

Miles traveled by humane officers	13,987
Cases investigated	269
Animals examined	3,547
Animals placed in homes	242
Lost animals restored to owners .	73
Number of prosecutions	7
Number of convictions	5
Horses taken from work	13
Horses humanely put to sleep ..	37
Small animals humanely put to sleep	3,036
Horses auctions attended	15
Stockyards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	44,084
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	11

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars, (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

Veterinary Column

1. Question: My male cat has recently been lame in one of his front legs. It was swollen and sore to touch. Today, he refused to take food and has appeared depressed and ill. What could be the trouble?

Answer: Your cat is presumably suffering from an infected cat bite in his leg. This is accompanied by a rise in fever due to the presence of toxins, and the cat shows symptoms of a generalized infection, refusing to eat, and appearing very ill. Treatment consists of drainage of the infected leg and suitable after-care. Your veterinarian should be consulted without delay.

2. Question: My twelve-year-old Pomeranian has been troubled for some time with wheezy cough, which becomes worse following exercise or excitement. At times she will seem to choke and gasp for breath, and following these spells she is exhausted.

Answer: Your dog is suffering from a weak heart, a condition known as cardiac insufficiency. This is a fairly common condition in elderly dogs and is, of course, a serious matter. The dog should be kept as quiet as possible and should not be encouraged to romp or exercise. She should not be allowed to run up and down stairs. The quantity of food should be reduced and it is preferable to feed two small meals rather than one large one. No cure can be anticipated, but with proper care, the life of the dog may be prolonged. Medication consists of some form of cough syrup, to relieve the bronchial irritation, and heart stimulants. Needless to say, the use of any medicant affecting the heart must be used with caution and under expert supervision and control. For this purpose it would be necessary to consult your veterinarian.

3. Question: What is the best laxative to give a dog when one is necessary?

Answer: Mineral oil, in repeated doses as long as necessary.

R. M. B., Veterinary Dept.
Angell Animal Hospital



The Eagle

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands:
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON



SKIPPY BECOMES FULL-FLEDGED SKIPPER

When these members of Uncle Sam's Navy appeared at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in search of a canine mascot to bring them cheer and companionship, Dr. Norma L. Greiner, of the Hospital staff, presented them with "Skippy," a spritely spaniel. The sailors promised to equip their new mascot with sea legs. Left to right: Carl Sullivan, signalman; Dr. Greiner and Joseph L. O. Gosselin, seaman first class.

Our Watchword, Service

OUR SOCIETY is ever on the alert to save animals from any possible suffering. So great is its concern that the remotest chance of hardship receives immediate attention.

An example of this attitude recently occurred when Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A., received a letter from a friend of the organization citing a case of a lost dog near Fitchburg, Mass. The friend, Mr. Alexander H. Smith, Peterborough, N. H., appealed to Dr. Rowley for help in locating a dog, which she had given to friends, who had, in turn, given the animal to another family. Mrs. Smith subsequently learned that the dog had wandered away and became anxious concerning its welfare.

Dr. Rowley, quick to aid, dispatched a description of the animal to the Society's agent in that region, Mr. E. D. Mosher, and at the same time requested

Mr. George H. Godbeer, director of the Society and owner-editor of the *Fitchburg Sentinel*, to insert an advertisement in his paper offering a reward for the dog's return. Mr. Godbeer did more than his best—he not only ran the advertisement, but also published an editorial about the case. Not content, even with these efforts, he co-operated with Mr. Mosher and the town dog officer in locating the stray.

It was almost three weeks, however, before the efforts of these three brought success. The dog, Cloie, handsome female poodle, was found to have been running wild in the vicinity and it took many attempts with a humane box-trap before Cloie could be induced to enter. The animal was found to be in excellent condition and was cared for by Mr. Mosher until Mrs. Smith could claim her pet.

Hospital Cases

ONE of the most outstanding cases of the month was a wounded carrier pigeon, on which Dr. Erwin F. Schroeder was called upon to perform a very delicate emergency operation. The valuable bird, owned by a prominent breeder of homing pigeons, was taken to the Hospital after it had just completed a several-hundred-mile test flight, during which it was attacked by a hawk with the result that its craw was torn wide open.

The pigeon reached its destination in spite of its serious injury, but would have starved to death because of its inability to retain food and fluids had it not been for the expert care and skill exercised by Dr. Schroeder. The bird left the Hospital as good as new, ready for another non-stop flight.

Other hospital cases included a large number of horses suffering from heat prostration and a few from influenza.

Public Indignation Aroused

THE sight of five dead dogs in the open trunk of the county dog warden's car brought swift indignation from citizens of Binghamton, N. Y. and the Broome County Humane Society. Superintendent Samuel J. Koerbel protested vigorously that wholesale shooting of dogs was entirely unnecessary, despite the night quarantine which has been in effect for several years in an effort to protect farm animals and gardens from destruction.

The result of this agitation brought a ruling that shooting would be stopped and that dog owners would be held responsible for violations of the quarantine. Dogs wandering at night will be impounded and if necessary taken to the Humane Society for humane disposal.

The Orphan

By GEORGE ROSSMAN

Her big wide eyes from where she sat,
Said, "I would like to be your cat.
I need some people and a house
Where I can roam and catch a mouse."
Her pleading eyes seemed to entreat
For a small spot beside my feet.

So, Tabby walked into my heart
To take a tiny, fluffy part
Amidst the routine of affairs
That go along with daily cares.
... I wonder why I miss her so?
She's just another cat, I know.
But her wide eyes from where she sat,
Said, "I would like to be YOUR cat."

Pigeons at War

THE armed services are giving recognition to the deeds of its feathered auxiliaries. The War Department has announced that, when our troops in Africa captured an important oasis, the first news was delivered by a pigeon, named "Yank," that made a twenty-mile trip from the front in an hour and fifteen minutes through bad flying weather.

Because they often get lost, the Army is training its pigeons to light on American trucks and half-tracks when in doubt. Before going into service, the birds are taken to the front to get accustomed to gunfire. In case of wounds, the officers in charge of the pigeons know how to splice a feather and how to make a splint for a broken leg out of a paper clip.

The British Army has taken precautions to protect the lives of pigeons assigned to warplanes. A problem was created by the hazards to the pigeon when the plane to which it is assigned falls into the sea. A pigeon easily catches cold and dies. To meet this vital need for keeping the birds warm and dry, a special watertight buoyant container was designed. This protection for the pigeon is also protection for the pilot, who often may have to depend solely on his bird friend for succor in time of distress.

—Alan A. Brown

Feat of a Dog

PENNY is a famed dog, who, while she has reason to feel very proud of herself these days, goes around in her usual calm, unconcerned manner. What does she care if her name has been mentioned in the press far and wide, even to that now familiar place called Australia? As long as she knows that she did what was right for a dog to do, why that is all that really counts. Though secretly, she is rather proud when her mistress tells folks about the many letters she has received from dog lovers in many far points, including Alaska and the Continent down under, for they were all about her.

Penny belongs to Miss Gladys McKee of Ogdensburg, N. Y. and for her feat of kindness was awarded a medal by Mrs. Robert Watertown, president of the St. Lawrence County S. P. C. A., in the presence of her proud owner. The ceremony took place in radio station WLSL and the program was heard throughout the North Country.

This feat, which has made Penny famous, was not a small one. Last winter when a storm struck the locality, felling trees, telephone and telegraph poles, blocking roads and disrupting communications for weeks, Penny was on

the job to see what she could do to help out. Her efforts were of use, for she found a partridge, half frozen to death, and with one leg broken. She rescued it from the snow where it was lying unable to stir, and carried it in her mouth to her home. There the family cared for it, and then placed it in Penny's box in the basement. There, for several months, Penny shared her food and board with the partridge. Great was her joy when spring came and the bird now fully recovered was given its freedom. Penny's was the satisfaction of having done a good deed.

—Gladys Louise Flint



Inspiring in children genuine love for animals, birds, flowers, and all the wonderful productions in nature, is the instrumental factor in promoting a true conception of love for all life and in directing the way to the utmost joy of living.

—Burlingham Schurr

Gratitude

By FRANCES ANGEVINE GRAY

*The man in the pet store,
When I told him I was sorry,
For the poor caged birds
Who could never fly,*

*Looked at me coldly
And reminded me sternly,
"They were born and bred in cages
And never ask why."*

*I bought me a canary,
And then I took him home with me.
I built him a flying cage
Ten feet long.*

*His bright gold wings
Flash back and forth incessantly,
And he thanks me every morning
With a special song.*



WE HEAR A LOT ABOUT HORSE SENSE, BUT—

here is a concrete example of a horse that has sense enough to know when he is in good hands. Replacing young men, who have been called to the colors, girls are now acting as nurses to ailing animals in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. The three nurses shown with their convalescing patient are, left to right: Miss Kathleen Driscoll, Mrs. Adele Fread and Miss Dorothy Bowman.

Living Jewels

By GLADYS JORDAN

LIKE glittering, gleaming gems of amethyst, emerald, jade, ruby and countless other jewels the tiny beetles move over the dark earth, or flash through the sunlight. Their glittering, iridescent shells reflect prismatic rays as the summer sun glints over them.

Beetles vary in size—from the tiny tortoise beetle to the big and savage Tiger beetle, but they are all beautiful and interesting to watch. The Tiger beetle is seldom seen on a dark day. Perhaps he is aware of the truly marvelous effect the sun has on the gold and blue emerald of his body. He seems studded with precious gems as he flashes through the sunlight. Like the Searcher beetle, he is swift and merciless when attacking his prey. These beetles eat grubs, worms and many of the deadly canker worms, as well as countless caterpillars.

The Carib beetle feeds mostly upon caterpillars, though it will not pass by other insects if it is really hungry. Its name means, "cannibal," or at least it is a corruption of that word. The Carib has an enormous appetite and seems never satisfied. It moves swiftly, as you will find if you try to catch one, and it flies with ease. The Carib's body is a lovely metallic green, the wings are edged with purple and gold and the head is golden.

The Sexton beetles go about burying dead creatures that they find in their path—hence their name. They work in pairs and do an excellent job as well as a most surprising one, considering their size. They are strong and tireless at their work.

In the olden days, and perhaps even now, the Indians made necklaces and other ornaments from the brilliant shells of the beetles. They dried the shells and polished them until they rivaled any precious stone in their beauty. And in South American countries they are often seen in jewelers' windows.

There are one hundred and fifty thousand species. They have two pairs of wings, though the hind ones are seldom used in flight. The beetles are of great value to mankind because of their war on worms, grubs and food-destroying insects. And they are living, glowing beauty wherever found—on the land, among stones, crawling over leaves, or emerging from the dark earth into the bright rays of the sun.

**A Complete Humane Library
For \$1, postpaid anywhere**

**Bound volume of
OUR DUMB ANIMALS for 1942**
240 pages; 200 illustrations of animals and birds
180 LONGWOOD AVENUE BOSTON, MASS.

ANIMAL LAND

SNAKE species in the United States number 110. Of this number only the cottonmouth, copperhead, coral snake and rattlers are poisonous.

SHREWS are the smallest mammals in North America.

JUMPING MOUSE—This little animal can sometimes leap as much as ten feet in one bound.

WOODPECKERS ordinarily do not harm trees, but do destroy injurious tree insects.

DOGS were banned from Nantucket and Duke counties in Massachusetts 200 years ago. The colonial law ruled that any canines found in those counties might be killed, with no action allowable against the person committing the act.

MOLES spend most of their lives underground, often in a series of subterranean tunnels 12 to 18 inches beneath the surface.

CLOCK BEETLES of South and Central America have two bright headlights and a "landing light" on the abdomen.

CHICKENS—The north India jungle cock and hen are the progenitors of our present barnyard fowls.

BATS are the only flying mammals.

LIONS are said to possess ventriloquist powers among animals; towhees, the same power among birds.

WHALES—The offspring of a mother whale may often weigh two tons.

KANGAROOS continue to grow throughout their lifetime.

BIRDS formerly native to North America and now extinct are the great auk, Labrador duck, Pallas cormorant, passenger pigeon and beath hen.

Any unusual or interesting facts concerning animals will be gratefully received. Please mention source. Address—Animaland, Our Dumb Animals, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

A Child Shall Lead Them

By F. J. WORRALL

FROM TIME to time one hears of the ruthless cruelty that is visited upon the hapless strays of our land who, through no fault of their own, are cast upon the streets, either abandoned or unwanted for one reason or another. Left to shift for themselves, they loiter fearfully through backyards and alleyways in a hopeless quest for food and water and in innumerable cases are chased from pillar to post with anything from a broom to a brick-bat, or even a gun as was recently the case, especially if they dare to air their grievances to the world at large.

Measures of violence create more violence in the human mind and if continued in days of hate such as these, where even the lives of human beings count for little, we become mere robots without heart, lacking mercy or conscience. How much better would it be if every citizen in our land realized the urgent need for kindness to every living creature. Kindness is the epitome of justice and it is for justice that our boys are dying in foreign lands. As long as cruelty exists, we are helping to defeat our aims for a peaceful, happy existence, no matter how small the issue involved.

It was particularly pleasant, then, a few days ago to happen upon the beaming countenance of a boy of eight years, whose kind act attracted a small crowd.

On one of the very hottest days of the summer, he came upon a small half-starved kitten. Distressed at the plight of the little creature the boy felt he must do something about it. He did. The single dime in his pocket bought a small piece of meat which he placed, uncut, before the kitten. It was hungry enough to devour it whole had it been possible, but the tiny teeth were unequal to such a task, so it licked and licked as if its life depended upon it.

The good Samaritan explained to the crowd it was impossible to take the little cat home because they already had "a cat and three kittens."

However, after listening to one suggestion after another, the little fellow picked up the cat in one arm and wrapping the meat again, carried it on home to mother for safe-keeping, confident that she would know best what to do.

It is lads such as this one who are sowing the seeds of kindness in human hearts and it is mothers like his who have the foresight and vision to train her child in the way he should go.

Please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals when making your will.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



"Needles"

MY NAME is "Needles." I am grayish-silver in color. I don't know why my folks call me Needles unless it was because my hair is so long and fine and steely gray like fine needles. At any rate, that is the name they gave me.

I have two beautiful kittens, "Trinket" and "Bijou." A nice black dog, "Snyder," lives with us. We all like him and play with him. He is not a very large dog.

One day, Snyder was lying out in front of the house, when up the street came a big farm wagon, drawn by a pair of horses. Two men were on the wagon and a big yellow dog that Snyder knows and does not like, was following the wagon.

Snyder is a good dog and almost never fights, but he just can't bear that big yellow dog, so he started for him, and right away the fight began. The men on the wagon didn't do a thing to stop the fight. They knew their big dog could take care of himself, so they didn't care; but I couldn't bear the thought of our nice Snyder getting hurt. I think he ought not to have started the fight. However it was started and he was getting the worst of it, so I just had to do what I could to stop it.

The ladies from the house called and called Snyder. He paid no attention to them. One of them ran to get some water to throw in the dogs' faces, but before she could get it, I started as fast as I could for the street and ran up the road after the dogs, for they were following the wagon all the time they were fighting.

The dogs saw me coming. The men saw me, too. I heard one of the men say, "Gee, look at the cat!" I knew that was because I was running so fast. It seemed as though I hardly touched the ground, but just bounded along like a rubber ball.

That big yellow dog knew I would jump on his back and scratch as hard as I could, and he knew my sharp claws wouldn't feel a bit good on his back. He gave me one look out of the corner of his eye, then let go his hold of Snyder, and started along after his wagon, and Snyder and I trotted back home. I haven't seen that big dog since then and Snyder hasn't had any more fights.



Rover's Useful Tail

*The peacock's tail is big and broad,
The rabbit's short and snappy,
But Rover's tail is useful, for
It tells you when he's happy!*

—PRINGLE BARRETT



How Many "T" Birds?

By ALFRED I. TOOKE

A NUMBER of birds have names beginning with the letter T. Spell out a dozen such names in the diagram by starting at any letter T and moving one square at a time in any direction, but do not use the same square twice in any one name.

If you do not get a full dozen, see the answers on this page next month.

R	H	S	C	U	O
E	K	A	N	A	T
Y	G	R	L	O	E
E	E	H	U	T	M
T	H	S	T	I	L
O	W	T	A	E	R

The Band of Mercy or Junior Humane League

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President
WILLIAM A. SWALLOW, Secretary

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Fourteen new Bands of Mercy were organized during July. These were distributed as follows:

Georgia	1
Pennsylvania	6
Virginia	7

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 266,622.

SUMMARY OF FIELD WORK

Number of addresses made, 53
Number of persons in audiences, 7,454

Fireflies

By ETTA W. SCHLICHTER

THE FIREFLIES in the corn make night amazing."

So sang Rudyard Kipling.

Did you ever feel that night was made "amazing" just by fireflies? Probably not. We are so accustomed to seeing them flit about over lawn and field in summer that we take them more or less as a matter of fact. But Kipling never saw fireflies in his native England and the thrill of seeing them here for the first time led to his writing of them in one of his finest stanzas.

Isn't it strange that we look upon so many things in nature with so little curiosity? As you have idly watched the pretty fireflies flashing their little lights, you have admired them, no doubt, but have you ever asked yourself why some stayed so near the ground while others flew high up in the trees, yet seldom above the tallest ones? Or did you suppose that they all lifted themselves high in air when they felt like it?

Did you ever wonder why most of them give out a single spark of light, while others give a flash long enough for us to tell the direction in which they are flying? Or did you think some had a longer flash of light than others just as some singers have a longer range of notes? I remember watching with "amazement" fireflies in the South that

made a trail of intermittent light that reminded me of a little string of golden beads. Why did these Southern fireflies give out more illumination than our Northern ones? The answer to all these questions is that there are different species.

Just as the flower puts forth color and fragrance to attract pollen-bearing insects, so the firefly emits its little light to attract its mate. For this reason one of our prominent nature writers wittily called it "socially brilliant."

There is another thing about the firefly that is interesting besides its light. It is a beetle, as we know at once by its hard shell-like wings, but, as with other beetles, these hard wings are really only wing covers. The real wings are gauzy and are kept nicely folded beneath the wing covers when the firefly is at rest. When it is ready for flight, it lifts the covers and then unfolds the delicate wings beneath, which are the only ones used for flight.

James Whitcomb Riley wrote,

*"And lavishly to left and right,
The fireflies, like golden seeds,
Are sown upon the night."*

How much we'd miss of the beauty of our summer nights if the fireflies were not here! A distinguished writer from New Zealand spent a summer in the town in which I live. She would spend hours upon the porch watching the fireflies, so new to her, so strange, so "intriguing," as she said.

Let us not fail to see the beauty in what is common.

Reciprocity

ONE ZERO night last winter I was fixing the furnace for the night when I heard a peculiar tapping sound. I looked around but could not tell where the sound came from. I continued laying the fire. Again I heard it, only louder. It sounded as if someone were deliberately trying to attract my attention. "Yes," I called, but no one answered. Then came the tapping again.

I put the shovel aside and went in the direction of the noise. It took me toward the small basement window. I looked up and imagine my surprise to see a white hen pecking at the windowpane. I was astonished as no one in the neighborhood had chickens.

I went out in the blizzard and brought her inside. The poor thing's feet were frozen and she could hardly stand. I applied the age-old remedy for frostbite, snow, to her feet. Then I got her some crumbs and water. She ate ravenously. When she felt better, I found a sack and made a nest for her in the warm basement.

She was droopy for several days but

with plenty of food and warmth she grew quite lively and tame. I named her "Waif." I could not find her owner and came to the conclusion that she had fallen off a truck and finally made her way to my basement window where she was attracted by the light. There is no question in my mind but that she was deliberately trying to attract my attention.

I invested thirty-two cents in feed for her, which, supplemented by table scraps, has kept her in food for several months. In return, when I go to the basement each night, I find a big, brown egg waiting for me. In all she has presented me with one hundred and ten eggs, all for a little kindness and an investment of thirty-two cents which would not pay for a dozen eggs.

—Myrtes-Marie Plummer

Neighbors

By STELLA F. GARRISON

*Just outside my back door
On a grape vine sturdy and strong,
I placed a cozy little house,
It hung out there so long.*

*The other day I saw a pair
Of wrens so tiny and brown,
They were looking about to find a home,
I'm sure they are new in town.*

*He seemed to think he'd found
A spot—and would it suit his mate?
They're nesting now near my back door
And he sings from the garden gate.*



MRS. FLORIDA L. BYRNE

May we present to our readers, this month, Mrs. Florida L. Byrne, of Tacoma, Washington, tireless field worker of the American Humane Education Society.

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HUMANE KEY AWARD

TO ENCOURAGE the study and practice of Humane Education throughout the schools of the nation, the American Humane Education Society announces a new competition open to all educators. Entries may consist of classroom projects, theses on Humane Education, humane plays or original concepts. A committee of educators of national reputation will serve as judges.

To the winner will go a 14-karat gold key (pictured below), which will be known as the NATIONAL HUMANE KEY, and two hundred dollars in War Bonds or cash.

All entrants should bear in mind the fundamental definition—

Humane Education is such training as will develop the mind and character of the child, awakening in him the precepts of universal justice—kindness, compassion and mercy for every living creature.

This must be remembered—that it is the child's character in which Humane Education is primarily interested. The Society contends that the humane spirit toward animals develops a just and ennobling attitude in man's relation to his fellow man.

For many years, representatives of the Society have been working in schools throughout the nation and in many instances have had notable success in forming Junior Humane Societies, known as Bands of Mercy, and conducting various school programs. In a small way, these few men and women have been eminently successful in arousing in the minds of children an inherent capacity for kindness, not only to animals, but to each other.

It now remains to approach the subject on a much wider scale—that every child, in every community, in every state, may have the same opportunity in helping to create a firm foundation for the future. Our aim is to encourage the moulding of youth for a better world—a world of peace, contentment, justice and good will among men.

Those wishing to compete for the award may obtain entrance blanks and full instructions by writing to the National Humane Key Committee, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.



